









to any substitute offered.



LOST.

Lost.  
A dimpled baby.  
Young.  
Searched one year old.  
Eyes.  
Of down star cluster.  
Hair.  
Of corn silk gold.  
Seen.  
Last in a coffin.  
Hands.  
With daisies filled.  
Small.  
Pale mouth was smiling.  
Feet.  
Wore strangely stilled.  
Search!  
The sad earth over.  
Search!  
The glad sky through.  
Lost!  
Beneath the clover.  
Lost!  
Amid the blue.  
Leap!  
To heart of mother's.  
Run.  
The long years round.  
Hear.  
God's last day chorus—  
"Fond!  
All children found!"  
—Helen J. Holcombe.

MR. SMITH'S VALUABLE WATCH.

Now a Practical Joker Frightened Him Out of a Year's Growth.

Tom Taggart's latest practical joke was played on ex-Attorney General Smith, and it was a good one. A few evenings ago, while the proprietor of the Grand was leaning over his counter, a traveling man with whom he was talking showed him a watch which had gone through a railroad wreck a few weeks ago, and the works were literally broken to bits, the case badly bent and everything broken up generally.

"Looks as if the engine sat down upon it," remarked Mr. Taggart. And then he struck him. Glancing across the room, he saw Greeno Smith talking to some friends. Now, he knew that Mr. Smith carried an elegant gold watch of fine workmanship which was given to him, and in which he took the greatest pride. In fact, the ex-attorney general thinks as much of that watch as he does of himself.

"Say, let me have that pile of wreck," said Mr. Taggart. "I think I can show you some fun." Mr. Taggart opened the case slightly and stuck the watch into his pocket. Going over to Mr. Smith, he asked him for his watch upon the pretence that he wanted to show it to a friend.

"Well, be careful of it," said Mr. Smith. It is his most abrupt loss as he handed over the precious watch.

"Now, boys, watch out," said Mr. Taggart five minutes later as he smiled to the crowd standing around. He put Mr. Smith's watch in his pocket, held the other in his hand partly covered, as the two did bear some slight resemblance to each other, and approached the ex-attorney general.

"My friend says that's a beauty, Greene," says Mr. Taggart as he held out his hand to return the watch.

"Yes; it ought to be. It cost"—What it cost will probably never be known. The sentence was interrupted by a crash as the watch fell to the marble floor, the case springing open, and the works spilling over the floor like shot poured out of a bag.

The ex-attorney general heard the crash and sprang to his feet with a whoop that could have been heard for a square. His face turned a livid green, while his voice almost stopped up his mouth in its effort to get out all at once.

Did he swear? Well, of course it wouldn't do to say so. He stamped his feet, danced up and down, roared, hurled anathemas upon the damnable carelessness of some people and declared that the watch could never be replaced.

"During the tirade Mr. Taggart stood with downcast eyes looking mournful. After the first had subsided so as to allow of his being heard he called a bellboy, and in low, yet audible tones told the boy to get a broom and dustpan and sweep up Mr. Smith's watch. "And," he added, "dust the pieces off carefully and give them to the gentleman."

This started another outburst which almost threatened the bursting of a blood vessel. Mr. Smith turned to the cowering bellboy and murmured, "You touch those pieces, you black rascal, and I'll break you in two."

"You do what I say," said Mr. Taggart quietly. "This gentleman is not well."

"Taggart," said Mr. Smith, "I've always been a friend of yours, but"—"Mr. Smith," interrupted Mr. Taggart, "I am sorry for this, but I think I can fix it, as the boys have all had enough fun for one day. While I regret the loss of the other watch, I have here an exact duplicate which I have had made, and which I desire to return to you with the compliments of myself and the bellboy. Please accept this."

He held out Mr. Smith's watch. The ex-attorney general then caught on for the first time. He smiled sardonically, pocketed his watch and then with much satisfaction added: "Well, you've broken up some other fellow's watch, and you'll have that to pay for."

And he still thinks so.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Not Favorably Impressed.

Railroad Man—What do you think of my idea of having a photograph of the holder of a commutation ticket placed on the back?

Jimson—I don't think much of it.

"Why not?"

"A friend of mine has a commutation ticket which I travel on."—New York Weekly.

NOT WRITTEN IN HISTORY.

A Massacre of Twenty Confederate Officers by Indians in Kansas.

There is a spot in Kansas which contains all that is mortal of 20 ex-Confederate officers. Their death was tragic in the extreme, accompanied as it was by all the horrors and barbarities of Indian warfare.

Early in the conflict between the north and south Confederates were dominant in the Indian Territory and well nigh succeeded in suppressing every spark of loyalty among the Indians there and in Kansas along the southern border. Several bands of the Osage tribe, however, remained loyal. They were hunted out by the rangers from Texas and the guerrillas from Arkansas and finally sought refuge within Union territory. On the march to the north many of them traveled on foot a distance of 300 miles. A great number froze to death on the route, and their bodies, with only a shroud of snow, were left where they fell to feed the hungry wolves.

Finally the bands, under White Wing and Little Bear, arrived on the Verdigris river and established their camp on the spot where the town of Noodeshah now stands. Indeed "Noodeshah" is an Osage word and means "meeting of the waters." The loyalty of White Wing and Little Bear had been accomplished largely through the teachings of Father Shoemaker, the venerable priest in charge of the Osage mission, who has long since been gathered to his fathers. Driven into the Union by the persecution of the southerners, it is not difficult to understand that the Osages were vindictive to an extraordinary extent toward Confederates and lost no opportunity to wreak a barbarous vengeance.

The Confederates constantly had emissaries out among the western tribes seeking to lead them into revolt against the Federal government. The Osages assumed it as their part of the great conflict to intercept those emissaries and hold the Indians of Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico loyal to the north.

Some time in 1862 a party of Confederate officers, none of whom held less rank than that of lieutenant, were commissioned by the Confederate government to proceed west through Kansas to New Mexico and organize the wild plains Indians into marauding parties, whose business it should be to intercept government trains and harass the movement of Federal troops from the west overland. A part of those officers were also commissioned to organize and enroll the southern sympathizers among the whites in Colorado and New Mexico and if possible march out a few regiments to the seat of war.

This party of Confederate officers attempted to pass through the Osage reservation along the Verdigris river, but were met near the mouth of Drum creek by a small band of the Indians, who demanded their surrender. Instead of surrendering the Confederates opened fire and killed two of the Osages and put the remainder to flight. Flitting along just out of rifle shot, the Indians gradually lured their victims into the main camp of White Wing and Little Bear, where they were surrounded by an overwhelming force and put to death with all the atrocious cruelties the infuriated tribe could conjure. Not a man escaped. So complete was the ambush that not an Indian was killed in the encounter. Such as were not killed outright were put to torture after the custom of the tribe, and after death the bodies were mutilated beyond recognition.

At that time the government was maintaining a military post at Humboldt, and when the news of the massacre came an officer with a detachment of troops was sent out to investigate the affray. The officer in command of that detachment was Lieutenant W. A. Johnson, now presiding judge of the appellate court for the southern department of Kansas.

When Lieutenant Johnson arrived on the scene, a shocking sight met his vision. The dead Confederates had all been beheaded and their heads were piled up in an indiscriminate mass, so that it was impossible to discover to which body a head belonged. The bodies were buried side by side by the troops. The papers found on them clearly explained their mission in the west, and it is probable that the bloody work of the Osages on that day prevented a serious uprising in the western territories, which might have cost rivers of blood to subdue.

The Kansas histories contain nothing of this massacre. Its details can only be gathered from the lips of men whose memories have become dimmed by the lapse of time. It is now impossible to secure the names of the Confederate officers who were buried along the lowlands of the Verdigris valley, but no doubt the archives of the Confederacy will reveal alike their names and titles, and in time there will be a monument over their burial spot.—Kansas City Journal.

An Advantage.

Now Boarder—The sun never enters this room.

Landlady—That will make it a half crown more. You can sit by the window without danger of getting freckled.—Spare Moments.

Human Nature.

The more we study human nature the less we know about it. Each new discovery contradicts the last, and each individual furnishes a special study abounding in surprises.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INTELLIGENCE IN FEATHERS.

he Remarkable Affection Displayed by a Faithful Little Mocking Bird.

The following story of remarkable intelligence and affection on the part of a bird is almost without precedent:

Some years ago there resided in Kirkwood, S. C., an old couple, Dr. B. and his wife, who were noted for their exceeding kindness. In fact, their goodness and gentleness were proverbial. Their little home on the hill behind the college was the most comfortable in the place, and their flowers and fruit were the delight of the whole town. Both the doctor and Mrs. B. were fond of birds, and many of our native songsters found ample accommodation in their gardens and orchards. There was scarce a trellis or a tree on the whole place that did not have its little "bird table," as Mrs. B. called it, which was simply a board nailed upon whereon crumbs might be left for the numerous little feathered fellows that abounded on the hill.

While all birds found a welcome and the most hospitable entertainment always at these bountiful boards still now and then some little fellow would more affection than the rest perhaps would take up permanent abode in the doctor's trellis and become one of the family. Conspicuous among these was a mockingbird, Pat by name, that was for several years a regular pensioner upon the doctor's hospitality. When only just free from the nest, Pat had the misfortune to have two toes of his right foot eaten off by a rat and consequently set out upon his career with a pretty good claim for sympathy. In the course of time Pat found his way not only into the hearts of the doctor and his wife, but the whole village knew and loved him. Familiar as all were with the notes of the mockingbird, Pat's singing seemed always finer and sweeter than the rest, and his fame spread through the whole community. Gradually he came to be a regular institution at the doctor's place, and visitors felt slighted indeed if Pat did not entertain them with his music.

It was when Pat was about 4 years old that Mrs. B. died. The doctor of course was inconsolable at his loss and determined to break up his old home and remove to Shreveport to reside with his son. In the grief and confusion consequent upon the death and removal poor Pat was forgotten for some days, and when the doctor was at last ready to start off he could not find the bird nor make preparations for his future. The servants who had been left in charge of the house used every effort to find Pat and provide for his comfort after their master's departure, but in vain. He was lost to his old home forever.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The doctor had been in Shreveport not more than a month when one morning early he was awakened by hearing a bird tapping on his window which looked upon the garden. At once opening the window, what was his astonishment to see poor Pat, limp and bedraggled but still eager and joyous, hop in on his little lame foot. The meeting may be better pictured than described, but the reunion was of short duration. The 50 miles of journeying in his helpless condition had been too much for poor Pat, and by and by he died, passing away quietly as both would have wished, resting in the doctor's hand.—Philadelphia Times.

Whittier's Birthplace.

In the town of Haverhill, Mass., near the Merrimack river, not far from Salisbury beach and in a house built by his great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was born on Dec. 17, 1807. For three generations before him the family had been connected with the Society of Friends, and all his life long Whittier retained the Quaker simplicity of manner and attire. He began early to do the chores of the household and also to aid his father in the work of the farm.

The house was surrounded by woods, and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls" by the garden side and then wound its way to a larger stream, that, "after doing its duty at two or three saw and grist mills" (the clash of which would be heard in still days across the intervening woodlands), ran into the great river and was borne along to the great sea. Thus in early boyhood Whittier had a chance to get friendly and familiar with brooks and woods and rocky hills and all the other features of the New England landscape. He helped to care for the oxen and the horses, and he came to know the wilder animals which also lived on the farm.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

A Port Retort.

This story is told of a master of Trinity college in days long gone by who had a partiality for figs. He held that there was one supreme moment in the existence of a fig when it should be eaten, not a minute before or after, and he watched over his fig tree with tenderness and devotion. It was a mild year, and the sun had done his best in the perfecting process, and hoping to enjoy his favorite fruit on the morrow the master wrapped a piece of silver paper round it, leaving it labeled, "The master's fig." What a very foolish thing to do with a few hundred "undergrads" about! The auspicious day dawned, and the master, looking at his watch for the last time, walked confidently across the quad. But imagine his dismay on finding his precious tidbit gone, and on the now empty packet the label, "A fig for the master."—Household Words.

Self Made.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Ah, indeed. Did you—er—amass it yourself?"

The warm smile which had been anxiously adjusted to match the coloring of her cheeks fell upon the instant.—Detroit Tribune.

All the Difference in the World.

Rural Magistrate—Konrad, you are charged with committing an assault on the night watchman.

Konrad—I only threw his jacket behind the stove.

Night Watchman—Yes, your worship, but I was inside the jacket, and that makes all the difference.—Dorffbarber.

THE STREET CAR WOMAN.

The One Who Invariably Drops a Penny of Her Fare.

"There she is!" It is neither a shout from a single individual nor a chorus of exclamations from the passengers, but a mental ejaculation from each and every one as the woman appears in the rear door. All instantly recognize her. She is not the woman who occupies two seats, not the woman who wants the front door left open for her asthma, not the woman with the poodle dog. No, no; she is the woman who invariably loses a penny of her hand or purse as she pays her fare.

"Now it will come!"

The conductor assumes an air of humility and enters and stands before her with palm turned upward. Up to this point she has been settling herself between a long waisted girl with a bundle on her knees and a dejected looking man with a catarrh on the left eye. She suddenly realizes that no one but an alderman rides d. h. in a street car, and she rouses herself and fumbles for her purse. She fumbles and fumbles and fumbles. A man could have felt in every one of his 12 pockets while she was finding her one. Everybody looks at her. Will she find it? Is there a pocket to be found? Isn't it in the dress left hanging on its peg in the closet?

Ah! She makes a discovery! The elusive pocket is found at last, and the catarrh man smiles a glad smile, and the girl with the bundle heaves a sigh of relief. From out of the dodging, twisting, deceptive receptacle is fished a snakeskin portemonnaie. No use to mentally wonder over its contents—a silver dime, five pennies, a door key, four recipes, a thimble and two or three sample hairpins. With thumb and finger she dives for the pennies.

One by one they are driven into a corner and captured, and by and by she has them all in the palm of her right hand. She shoots out her hand to drop them into the palm of the conductor and at the same instant crosses her feet, closes her portemonnaie and looks around the car in a defiant, triumphant way.

Something falls. Something rattles on the gratings. The conductor counts. "One, two, three, four!" The fifth cent is missing, just as everybody expected. Now the man with the catarrh eye grins maliciously; the girl with the bundle is glad on't; the dude with the yellow gloves assumes a tired attitude and wishes he had never been born. Heads are bent forward, and eyes peer up and down and under the seats. Feet are drawn up, skirts lifted off the floor, and hearts almost cease to beat. The conductor gets down on his knees to make a closer search. The old chap in the front end of the car picks up a pin and holds it up to view to show that it isn't the lost cent. The grating must come up. Everybody hitches toward the front door and holds up his feet and then toward the rear door and holds them still higher. Seven long minutes speed into eternity, and five would be passengers on different crosswalks are left standing there to jaw and cuss and want to punch somebody's head.

Ah, ah, the lost is found! Snuggled away in a nest of peanut shucks, trousers buttons and hairpins is the missing cent, and the conductor seizes it and holds it up in his fingers so that each and every passenger may be certain that it is neither a diamond ring nor yet a snow shovel. Then the grating is replaced, the people draw long breaths of satisfaction, and the woman who caused it all sits up stiffly and severely and with proper dignity, and the rolling car rolls on and on, and the world slowly revolves on its axis, and the conductor knocks down two fares and is at peace with earth again.—St. Louis Republic.

A Whale's Spouting.

The whale does not discharge water, but only its breath. This, however, in rushing up into the air hot from the animal's body has the moisture condensed to form a sort of rain, and the colder the air, just as in the case of our own breath, the more marked the result. When the spout is made with the blowhole clear above the surface of the water, it appears like a sudden jet of steam from a boiler. When effected, as it sometimes is, before the blowhole reaches the surface, a low fountain as from a street fire plug is formed, and when the hole is close to the surface at the moment a little water is sent up with the tall jet of steam. The cloud blown up does not disappear at once, but hangs a little while and is often seen to drift a short distance with the wind.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Preocious.

Small boys have a way of listening to remarks that older persons make and using them when least expected. A mother was surprised the other day to have her young son reply to her when she was reproving him for some trifling misconduct: "Well, mamma, you must put up with me. You know I'm just at the trying age."—New York Times.

Not on the Bill.

"What have you got today?" inquired the customer of the waiter.

"I have a bad toothache, sir," was the reply he made a few moments before losing his job.—Yonkers Statesman.

In 1880 the foreign population of the United States comprised one-seventh of the whole, but of the learned professions, such as lawyers, doctors and teachers, only one person in eleven was of foreign birth.

BONAPARTE'S ALARM.

He Feared He Was to Be Arrested at the House of Talleyrand.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on 15 Brumaire (Nov. 7), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the ancients were to meet, according to the programme, on the morning of 17 Brumaire, and summon both assemblies to hold a session on 18 Brumaire at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution whenever an amendment to that document was to be considered the two bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated, and although there might be no disorder there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the 500 must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was really the key to the whole combination. Success would depend entirely on the momentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares.

Minor troubles there were also. Sieyes, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only so long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitbout a few nights antecedent to the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation about 1 in the morning when they heard the rumbling of carriage wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased. They had paused at the door. Bonaparte turned pale and Talleyrand also as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew past the candles and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare.

Before the appointed day, however, everything which master schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted and in equilibrium. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost, for the directory, sly of all prestige, was divided and shaky. The army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy. The mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and sick of war were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation and the army were therefore in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not beajoined.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

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Chateau Latite.

In 1793 the vineyard belonged to M. de Pichard, president of the Guienne parliament, and the republican leaders did a good stroke of business by guillotining him and appropriating his property. It was, however, soon sold by the state, and after passing from purchaser to purchaser at an average price of about \$40,000 it was bought some 25 years ago by Baron James de Rothschild for \$180,000 and still remains in his family. About \$6,000 a year is spent on its cultivation. There is perhaps no wine that gains more by keeping, and some seven or eight years ago a bin of the vintage of 1864 fetched no less than 50 francs a bottle at Bordeaux itself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Doubting Science.

She (from a book)—A woman's brain declines in weight after she is 30.

He—How do they know? I thought a woman never got to be 30.—Detroit Free Press.

Massachusetts bay was named from two Indian words, Mais Tohu-aeg, meaning "this side the hills."

Self denial is the result of a calm, deliberate, invincible attachment to the highest good.—G. Spring.

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